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LITTLE FOLKS

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY FOR YOUNGEST READERS

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OUR LITTLE ONES AND THE NURSERY

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LITTLE FOLKS.

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CHARLES STUART PRATT AND ELLA FARMAN PRATT.

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S. E. CASSINO, PUBLISHER, Salem, (or Boston) Mass.

THIS WAY DOROTHY GOES TO SCHOOL.

LITTLE FOLKS

VOL. III. FEBRUARY, 1900. NO. 4.

THE WHITE PIGEON OF BELVOIR.

(A True Story.)

THE hollyhocks were all in bloom at Belvoir. Against the grey stone walls, and along the garden-beds, in many colors, they stood in stately rows, shining in the warm Virginia sun. There were white and red hollyhocks, and the rarer ones of delicate yellow and lovely rose. Some were double, and almost top-heavy with thickness, but Charlotte thought the old-fashioned single ones in plain colors, were the prettiest. A few were bordered with white edges, and all were of the finest and silkiest texture.

She moved from one to another, counting the many buds on each tall stalk, as it rose like a slender pyramid from thick leaves below, beginning with the wide-open blossoms, in which the great black and gold bees were busily buzzing, and so on up to the tight-closed knobs at the very tip. All at once she was startled by a flicker of snowy wings overhead.

She looked up towards the white-pillared front of the old Belvoir house. At first she saw nothing.

Then there flew down on the gravelled walk before her, a beautiful white pigeon! It did not seem at all shy, but strutted up and down with its red feet, and turned its pretty head and neck, their gleaming tints of rose and purple and green playing into each other like the colors of the changeable silks that were so much worn then. Its soft ruby eyes seemed very well pleased with the young girl, and presently it began to coo and swell its breast.

Charlotte held out her small hand with the rosy palm upward,

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and the snowy pigeon lifted its wings and alighted upon it, pecking at her finger-tips as if accustomed to be fed from the hand.

Charlotte was delighted. She called her brother Robert. Then they carried the bird in to show to their mother. But Mrs. Nelson rather discouraged their delight. She said the owner of such a pretty and docile bird no doubt would soon appear and claim his property. That very day many of the neighbors were coming to Belvoir to dine, and inquiries might be made.

Charlotte was afraid she was very naughty to have such a strong secret hope that no owner would be discovered for the beautiful pigeon.

Strange to say, Charlotte's hope proved true. At Cloverfields, at Castle Hill, at Edge Hill, and Rio, the bird had been seen; yes, each guest, it seemed, had noticed, that day or the one before, this same very pretty and graceful white pigeon; but it was claimed by no one.

A week, a fortnight, a month, passed by. No one came to inquire about the bird. Apparently the pigeon had itself chosen Belvoir as its home. It showed no desire to wander.

A great bowl of fresh pure water stood always ready for it on Charlotte's wide window-ledge, where it might drink or bathe and splash to its full content. As for food, with both Robert and Charlotte to supply its needs, it had only to appear and coo—there was no lack of corn or crumbs!

Then a wonderful discovery was made!

In the high and spacious parlor of Belvoir, an organ with pipes had been built, and Charlotte often played upon it. One day it happened that she was playing some beautiful, stately old dance-music, like minuet and quadrille, with well-marked time. To her surprise, her pigeon flew in, its white wings brushing her hair in its flight.

It flew down in the centre of the room, and began to dance on the polished shining walnut floor, its pretty motions reflected as in a mirror. Now, it lifted its wings in air, and again it swept the floor, first with one, and then with the other, as a dainty maid might manage her flowing skirts in dancing a measure. It

was wonderful to see how perfectly it kept time, bowing its head, and now and then softly cooing.

Charlotte called her mother, and in a little while every one in the household—a row of ebony faces, grinning with wonder and amusement, in the background—was watching the pigeon's performance with delight. It was certainly a trained pigeon, escaped, perhaps, from some wandering show.

CHARLOTTE.

All through the warm weather, the great hall-doors stood wide open until late in the evening. The white pigeon soon formed a habit of coming into the hall to sleep. It perched on an arm of one of the tall hall chairs, its pretty head tucked under its wing. The chair stood in a dark corner, and no one disturbed the bird. As soon as the doors were opened in the morning, it flew out into the dew and sunshine of the early day to pick among the gravel of the walks.

But at last summer was over, and the fall rains set in. Charlotte put away the hollyhock seed labelled "Yellow" "White" and "Red," in small paper bags. She smiled to herself as she worked, for she remembered that when the hollyhocks were in bloom, her white pigeon came.

The hall-doors sometimes remained shut all day, if the weather were dark. One day there had been a real autumnal storm, and at night Charlotte looked for the white pigeon in the hall, and could not find it. Nor could she see a glimmer of its snowy wings in the dark night outside, nor hear its deep *coo-coo*, though she opened both doors, letting in the wild rain and gusts of wind, as she called it.

The next morning the beautiful white pigeon was found dead in one of the poultry-houses where it had taken refuge from the storm. It had been killed by an ill-tempered turkey-cock

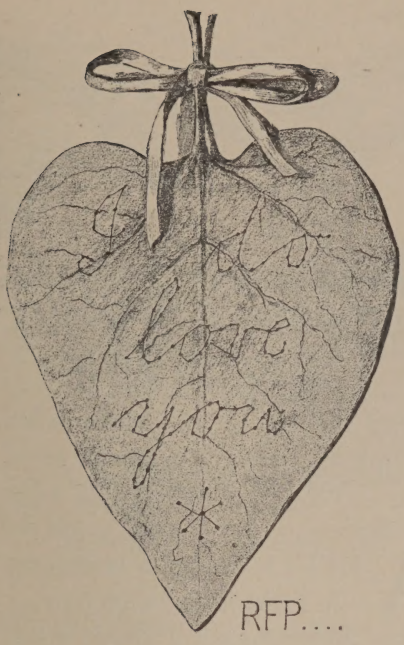
Belvoir itself was long ago burned to the ground. It was built in Revolutionary days, by a kinsman of General Washington. Little Robert, Charlotte's brother, was the great-grandson of this gentleman, and he it was who told me the story of the white pigeon, which he remembered very well as it danced to his sister's music.

Ella F. Mosby.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

A DEAR little girl sat rocking her doll,
A baby mouse crept from a hole in the wall;
And both were frightened as frightened could be,
And ran as fast as their feet could flee;
And each one trembling told her mother
What a narrow escape she'd had from the other!

Bertha E. Bush.



THE CATALPA LEAF.

PAPA'S VALENTINE.

SUCH a valentine you never did see
As my little daughter sent to me!
She plucked a leaf from the catalpa-tree,
As much like a "heart" as a leaf could be;

And then she wrought with a needle in gold
The sweetest words that a heart could hold;
She embroidered the leaf in letters bold—
A strand of her hair was the thread, I'm told.

The leaf was fresh and fair as it grew,
Fed by the sunshine, fed by the dew;
And my dear said the words were strictly true,
And the words were these: "*I do love you!*"

Martha Young.

A GUESSING RHYME.

(*In Four Languages.*)

A LITTLE dog, a little cat,
A little horse and cow,
Once met beneath a shady tree
The dog spoke first, "— —!"
He *thought* he told them how the cat
And he had such a row,
And how he chased her up a tree—
He only said "— —!"

And then the cat told them a joke,
Which I will tell to you:
One day she saw a little mouse;
She didn't even "—,"
But crept up, oh, so very still,
And pounced, as kittens do,
And found 'twas made of chocolate!
But all she said was "—!"

The horse, too, had a tale to tell:
Once he grew tired of hay;
He made his naughty mind all up,
With a rebellious "—,"

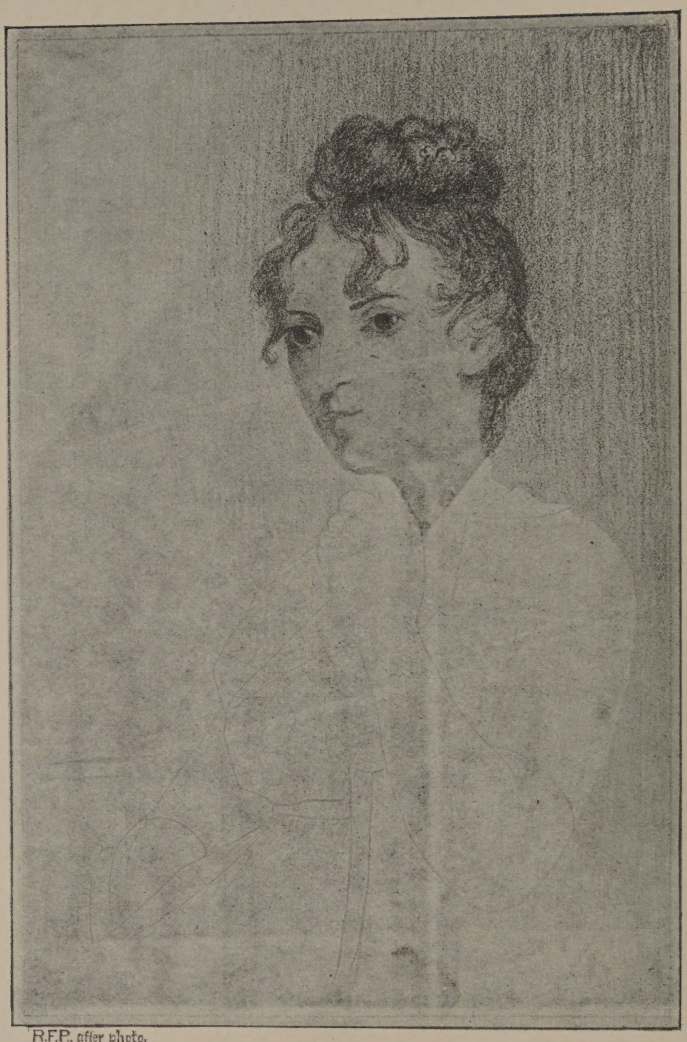
He'd make them give him cake, instead,
And sugar every day;
And *oh*, how hungry he did get!
He talked in horse-talk, "—!"

The cow had waited patiently
For all to get quite through,
And when her turn came round to talk,
She said one doleful "—;"
'Twas how she broke her horn and found
It would not mend with glue.
She *thought* she spoke distinctly, but
She only told them "—!

Each listened with respect to each,
Yet only one could "mew,
Or understand that language; and
Just one of them could "moo;"
And three there were who could not "neigh;
And three could not "bow-wow;"
And so, though they enjoyed the talk,
They're none the wiser now

Clara Marie Platt.

"A VERY FINE NIGHT!" SAID THE FAIRY.
"OH, YES," SAID THE OWL, "COOL AND AIRY!"



R.F.P., after photo.

NELLY CUSTIS.

(From the painting by Stuart.)

THE LITTLE GIRL AT MOUNT VERNON.

WHEN the great George Washington lived at Mount Vernon, his country place on the Potomac River in Virginia, a little girl lived there with him. Her name was Eleanor Custis. She was called "Nelly" usually. She was the grandaughter of Mrs. Washington, and the adopted daughter of General Washington himself.

When Nelly was only two years old, and her brother a little baby of six months, their own dear father, Mr. John Parke Custis, died. He had been a brave soldier in the American army during the Revolutionary War, but he died just as his country was rejoicing over its victories.

General Washington had loved his stepson, and he grieved sadly over his loss. He begged that Mr. Custis' two younger children might be given him to keep and bring up as if they were his own.

Mrs. Custis was unwilling to give the children away. But at last, she did; and Washington adopted the little ones in what is called "full legal form." That is, they were to be his very own and he would act as their father from that time on, and legal papers were drawn up and signed in proof of this.

Nelly's hair was dark, and her eyes a beautiful black. She was a very lively little girl, fond of playing out of doors. Her life at Mount Vernon must have been full of little pleasures. There are few better play-places in the world than an old Virginia plantation, and Mount Vernon was then one of the finest in the State. It is still a lovely place.

At either end of the mansion, at the back, is a long arched gallery or colonnade, built in a curve and leading to the kitchens and other out-buildings, delightful places to play on rainy days. There are brick walls, too, dividing the lawn from the garden and from what were once farm-yards and deer-parks; and these walls have odd turns and twists as if they were made on purpose for children's games and adventures.

Nelly must have loved the old garden. It is still kept in good order, with borders of box along the gravel walks and around the flower-beds. In some places the box is higher than a child's head, but in one part of the garden it is closely clipped, and winds all about in the form of a labyrinth—like the puzzle pictures that you trace with your pencil in order to reach the center. The red roses bloom there as late as October, and they and the scarlet sage make bright spots in the beautiful pearl-gray mist that comes up from the river.

Nellie had a dear little room of her own in the house, which

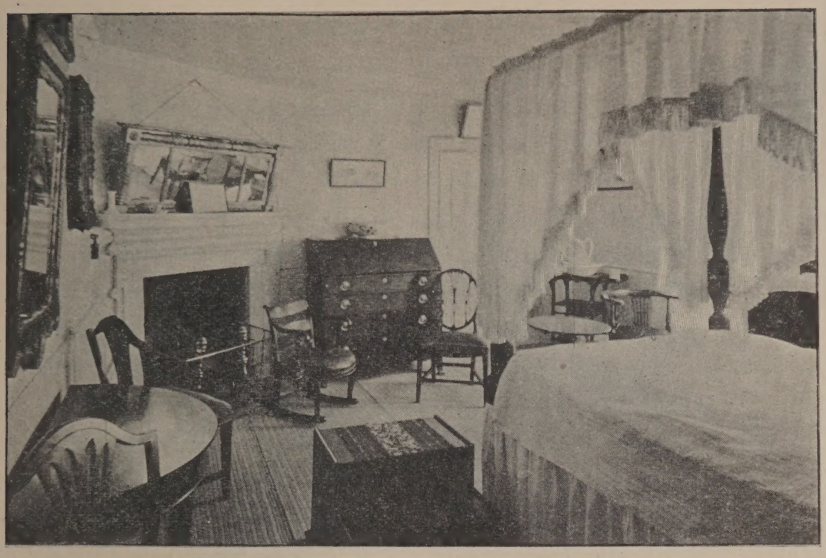
you may still see, if you go to Mount Vernon, furnished just as it was when she lived there. Her bed, with its tall posts, had curtains of an old-fashioned white stuff called " dimity," looped up here and there and edged with fringe. The bed was so high that Nellie had to go up three little steps to get into it. Nobody had ever thought then of making a bed so low that you could step into it, easily, from the floor.

Both the Custis children had lessons at home every day. Their studies were carefully overlooked by General and Mrs.

MOUNT VERNON, BACK VIEW.
(By permission, from the photo. by Leet, Washington, D. C.)

Washington. It was not always easy to keep Nelly at her books, as she liked romping much better than study. Sometimes she used to cry when she had to practice her music. Her delight was to ride the unbroken colts on the Mount Vernon estate. Her grandmamma thought this a dangerous as well as improper sort of play for a little girl, but Nelly liked it much better than music or needlework.

In those days every little girl was expected to work a "sampler," a square of canvas embroidered in cross-stitch and other fancy stitches, with flowers, the alphabet, stiff funny little houses and trees, and her name and age. These samplers were



NELLY CUSTIS' BEDROOM AT MOUNT VERNON.

(By permission, from photo. by Leet, Washington, D. C.)

often framed and hung on the walls. Mrs. Washington found it hard to understand why wild little Nellie preferred to rush about like a boy rather than work her sampler!

Nellie had a music-room on the first floor, furnished with a cunning blue sofa and chairs embroidered with musical instruments. The spindle-legged, three-cornered piano, called a "harpsichord," which stands there now, was not bought for Nelly until she was about to be married, when General Washington gave it to her for a wedding present. But there was another harpsichord, or spinet, that had belonged to the first little girl at Mount Vernon, Nelly's "Aunt Martha;" and Nelly used to pick out her tunes on its short keyboard.

Little Miss Custis had a queer little guitar, too, called a "bandoria." You may see it in the music-room, when you visit Mt. Vernon; and you may also see the flute upon which George Washington used to play. The great man was fond of music and of having lively pleasant company about him, for he was not always grave and stately as some of the histories would lead us to believe.

Every Sunday the great family carriage was brought out to take the Washington family to church. Such a carriage! It was nearly round in shape; a hard-boiled egg, cut in two and set up on its little end, would make you a very good small model of it. There were four horses to draw it, and the coachman and footmen wore livery.

Usually the Washingtons drove eight miles to Christ Church in the town of Alexandria. Here General Washington owned a large square pew, into which the family was shown each Sunday by a sexton, or pew-opener, who was a woman! This custom of having women for pew-openers was brought from England. The woman who held this office at Christ Church was very solemn and severe. She locked the people into their pews, and then marched up and down the aisles during service and kept a sharp eye on old and young to see that they did not go to sleep, or whisper or laugh.

Nelly was still a little girl when General Washington was made President of the United States. New York was then the national capital, and Mrs. Washington and the two children went there to live. They were there for more than eight years. Nelly used to see almost all the distinguished men of whom you learn in your United States histories. The children probably enjoyed the style and splendor, but it is well known that the President and Mrs. Washington were heartily glad when they were free to go back to their home in Virginia.

In time, Nellie grew up to be a lovely woman. She married Mr. Lawrence Lewis, a nephew of General Washington. The General gave his nephew a fine estate near Mount Vernon, and they called their home "Woodlawn." But Nelly loved Mount Vernon best; and while her grandfather lived she and her husband stayed with him.

Nelly was brought back to Mount Vernon to be buried when she died, at the age of seventy-four. Her tomb is close to that of Washington, and there is a long inscription on it telling how she was "reared under the roof of the Father of his Country," and how fair and sweet she was in herself.

Jeannie Pendleton Ewing.

PHILIP'S BEAR.

"WELL," sighed Philip, "vacation is most over, and I haven't seen anything at all yet, wilder than a squirrel; not even a rabbit, though Uncle Dexter says the woods are full of 'em."

Philip was sitting on the doorstep, his chin in his hand. He was spending his summer vacation with his Uncle Dexter who lived in the wild northern part of Vermont; and he had fully expected to have some thrilling adventure stories to tell his school-friends when he went home in the fall.

There was only one week more of vacation; and Philip was wondering if he might not steal off some day, and climb the mountain, at the foot of which his uncle's house stood. Nate Puffer had told him that bears were as plenty as squirrels up on the mountain, to say nothing of "rattlers." Philip wasn't particular about meeting a "rattler;" but to go back to Boston with a bear encounter to relate, was really the one thing needed to render this vacation the happiest one he had ever had.

His Aunt Emily had gone to the village to visit a sick friend, and his Uncle Dexter was haying down in the meadow. Suddenly Philip got up and put on his cap.

"I'll never have a better chance to go up the mountain," he said. "Nate says bears won't touch you if you let 'em alone; he says they sometimes go down into the village, and if people aren't scared, and don't run, they never touch 'em."

Philip threw back his shoulders and looked courageous. "I'd just *love*," he went on, "to have one walk right into this yard, now! I'd—"

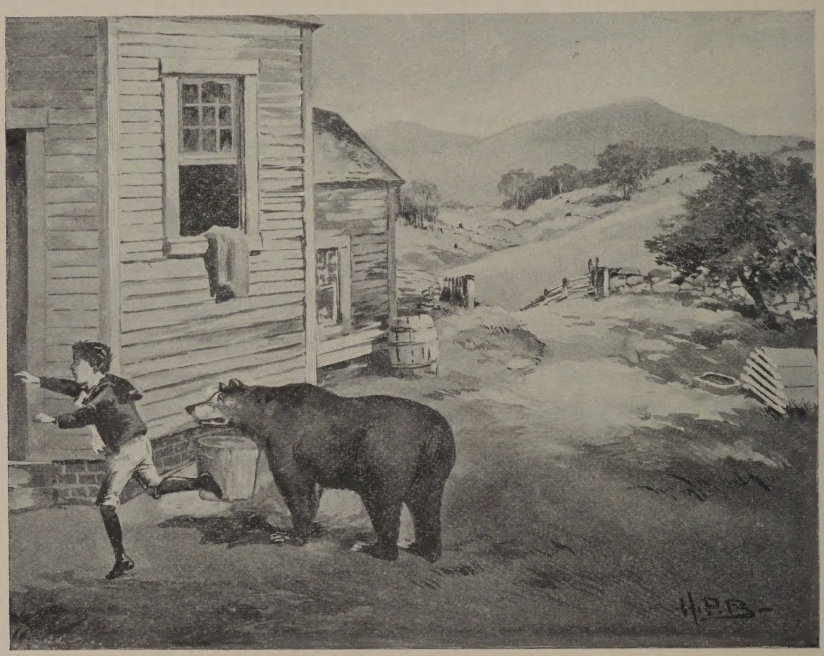
It is uncertain what Philip would have decided to do in such a case; for he was interrupted by a great commotion in the hen-yard. He ran out; and there at the back door, with his nose in the pail of milk which Uncle Dexter had left for him to feed to the pigs, was a great black bear! Philip thought that it was a great black dog, and went up to him and began to pat his back. But when Bruin lifted his long pointed nose, and looked at him with his small twinkling eyes, a very frightened little

boy suddenly disappeared around the corner of the house!

When Aunt Emily came home, an hour later, Philip met her at the door. "Oh, auntie," he asked," did you see him?"

Aunt Emily thought of the tramp she had met and inquired if the man wore a straw hat, and carried a bundle.

"It wasn't a man, Aunt Emily!" cried Philip," I thought it was a big black dog—but I guess it was a bear!"

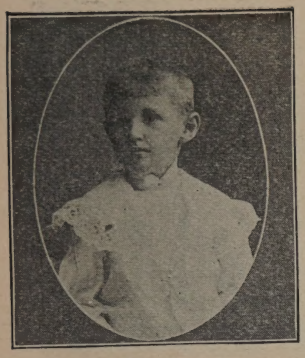


PHILIP DISAPPEARED AROUND THE CORNER OF THE HOUSE.

Philip's voice sank again to a frightened whisper, and he kept hold of Aunt Emily's hand. He forgot that this was the adventure he had been wishing for, until Aunt Emily reminded him of it. Then he began to grow brave, and to wish that he had not run.

And Philip does not say anything to the boys about that part of his adventure, when he tells them how he went up to a bear and patted him on the back, when he was up in Vermont at his Uncle Dexter's.

Helen M. Richardson.



CHARLES A. BAGLER.

MARY KATHERINE STONE.

HELEN, MARY, SARA, RUTH (LEECH).

ELEANOR E. CARROLL.

FLORENCE LEE TAYLOR.

CHARLIE BEALS (playing Roosevelt).

(THE FIFTH BABY SHOW. I.)

DENNISON BRACKETT COWLES.

DOROTHY CORA STALL.

E. F. SLOAN JR.

ROYAL BARTLETT FLANDERS.

MILO J. RAMNEY.

(THE FIFTH BABY SHOW. II.)

BABY DAY.

GEORGE KINGSBURY LOOMIS.

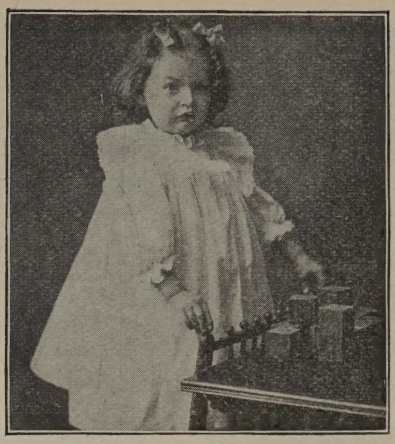
ADELE A. COWLES.

HAROLD DeJERSEY ROBINS.

ROBERT PRIESTLY WARD CARROLL.

ELLA, FRANKLIN AND MARSHALL GIBBS.

(THE FIFTH BABY SHOW. III.)



RUTH ELLIOTT.

MALCOLM BARRINGTON CARROLL.

CHARLIE SUMMERS.

EDITH L. HOWARD.

LITTLE BOY BROWN.

M. M. STALL.

R. L. TAYLOR, JR.

(THE FIFTH BABY SHOW. IV.)

THE YELLOW-CAPPED MONKEY.

CHAPTER IV.—Queer Things Come to the Browns' Garden-gate.

BEE said that she wouldn't have believed there were so many drums in the world as they saw in the great room into which the clerk took them. Little drums and big drums, tall drums and short drums, drums piled in heaps and drums hung on ropes.

Even after they had found out just how good a drum could be bought for the five dollars which the Pekoe Guards had raised, it was not easy to choose between a tall drum and a short one—Bee called them fat and thin ones. Tommy Philbrick, the drummer of the Pekoe Guards, was short and stout, a very fat little boy indeed. It was hard to tell whether he would look better with a drum like himself or with a thin one! Bee thought this was very important but she decided, at last, that it would be better to get the very handsomest drum and then make the drummer fit it! She said everyone knew that Tommy Philbrick wouldn't be so fat if he didn't eat so much candy.

Billy Boy thought that this sounded like very wise advice and he was glad that he had brought Bee along; but, after all, he had such a feeling for Tommy Philbrick, having a sweet tooth himself and knowing what it was, that he could not buy one that was so tall that Tommy would be hidden behind it, or so short and fat that it would be just like Tommy and make people laugh.

He asked the clerk to set three drums in a row, the great big one, the little wee one and the middling-sized one—like the three bears in the story—and he chose the middle-sized one.

It was a very handsome drum and the clerk said he thought that any military company might be proud to own it. It was plainly marked, "Captain William Brown, Pekoe," and the clerk promised to see that the expressman took it when he called for the hurdy-gurdy and the monkey.

The clerk bowed them out as politely as if they were grown people, and the two little Browns felt very well satisfied with themselves and with their purchases.

Bee did cast one longing look towards the doll-room, where there was a wonderful array of samples of dolls.

Bee had never liked to have Billy Boy know how much she loved a doll because he scorned dolls and thought there was no fun in having any pets but live ones. So she turned her head away from the doll-room and did not let Billy Boy hear her sigh.

"We'll have a barn show with the monkey and Polly and the guinea pig and give all the money to the church fair, instead of the doll," said Billy Boy, who really knew how to be a brother—although once in a while he forgot.

So Billy Boy and Bee went happily homeward and once in a while Billy Boy would say something about the hurdy-gurdy and the monkey which showed that he thought quite as much of them as of the drum, and Bee would say, anxiously, that she did hope that the drum wouldn't prove to be larger than Tommy Pritchard so that it wouldn't look like a drum marching along without a boy!

The expressman was late in getting to Pekoe that night. Billy Boy and Bee stood by the garden-gate, and peered down the road until it was almost dark.

There he was, at last, and in a great hurry to get on to Philibeg where there was a county fair.

Out came the hurdy-gurdy from the great, covered express wagon, and the monkey, chained to it, was sitting on the top scolding and chattering.

Out came a huge yellow pumpkin; it looked like the grandfather of all the pumpkins that ever grew, Bee said.

"Someone has sent us a present, Billy Boy," she said. Perhaps it was Uncle Trefethin and he meant it for a jack-o'-lantern. Oh, what a fine one it would make!

But Billy Boy did not listen. He was shouting at the expressman who was preparing to drive on.

"A drum! a drum for Captain William Brown!" he called.

"Haven't any drum for you; that's all for Brown!" called the expressman; and off he went, cracking his whip.

A pumpkin instead of a drum! What did that mean?

"Someone has sent a pumpkin to Papa. Your drum has

IT WAS NOT EASY TO CHOOSE THE DRUM.

been delayed," said Bee, offering what seemed the most natural explanation.

But when they had carried the things to the porch, under the lighted lamp, they found a tag around the pumpkin's stem on which was plainly written, "Captain William Brown, Pekoe."

"It's exactly like the mark that the clerk put on the drum!" said Billy Boy, with his forehead all tied up in a hard knot.

"Oh, Billy Boy, it isn't the right monkey!" cried Bee. "It's the one that had on the red cap, though he hasn't any cap on, now." Bee turned so pale that her small nose looked all freckle, under the porch lamp.

The monkey scolded in a high-keyed voice, like a fretful baby's, and cuffed Bevis the old house-dog with his little lean paw.

"I don't think he's a pleasant monkey at all," said Bee. "And, oh dear! I did love Yellow Cap!"

"One monkey is very much like another monkey," said Billy Boy. "But a pumpkin is a pretty drum for the Pekoe Guards!"

The monkey suddenly made a leap to Billy Boy's shoulder and cuffed him, instead of Bevis. Then he leaped upon Bevis' back and the dog howled with astonishment and rage and dashed off into the road, ridden by the monkey.

For a moment Billy Boy's feelings almost overcame him. He raised his foot—it must be told!—to kick the great provoking pumpkin that ought to have been a drum.

He drew back, I am glad to say, with manly self-control; but his toe had touched the pumpkin and it went bumping down the steps and rolling down the garden-path.

Billy Boy laid his hand comfortingly on Bee's shoulder, like a man and a brother, just as she was forcing back a great sob.

"It's never any good to make a fuss! We've got to find out what these things mean," he said calmly.

And he marched down the garden-path after poor old Bevis and the pumpkin as if he were marching at the head of the Pekoe Guards.

(To be continued.)

Sophie Swett.

TUCKED IN WARM AS SHE CAN BE.

BABY'S SLEIGH-RIDE.

WHEN Baby goes out in the snow,
She never must be cold you know;
She has a pair of mittens bright,
And ear-pads so the cold won't bite,
A little coat below her knees—
For Baby really must not freeze!

Besides, she has some leggings too,
A shawl about her, white and blue;
And then her sleigh is brought, and she
Is tucked in warm as she can be,

And then she goes out in the sun;
Oh! Nurse and she have jolly fun.

She looks just like a worsted ball,
For Baby you can't see at all—
Except her eyes, and golden hair,
You wouldn't know that she was there!
But when you ask what 'tis you see,
Then Baby laughs and says: "It's me!"

Montrose J. Moses.

A Little Live Letter.

OUR letter-carrier had three daughters, three bonny dark-eyed girls who used to run down the street every evening to meet their father when he came home to supper.

And by and by there was a fourth little daughter, a cunning plaything for the other three; and one evening, when Kate and Dorothy and Alice came to meet Postman Papa, they brought Baby Mabel with them.

Now the letter-bag was quite empty, and hung loose and limp from the carrier's shoulders. And the baby put up her little hand and patted it. "Um–m–goo–ah–um!" she said, wisely.

You might not have understood her, but Papa Postman knew what she meant, perfectly.

"What! You want to be a little letter!" he cried, laughing.

And lo and behold, he popped the baby into the empty bag, and she cuddled down with her round head and merry face peeping out of the flap, and Postman Papa carried the little live letter all the way home to Baby Mabel's Mama.

HE POPPED THE BABY INTO THE BAG.

Since then, Baby Mabel has been carried home in the letter-bag every night. The only trouble is that every day she grows a little, just a little taller and broader and rounder, and the letter-bag does not grow at all! So pretty soon there will be no room in the bag any more for the little live letter. But, they have had a photograph made, and they will keep the picture; and one of these days, when she is grown up, Mabel will look at it and say, "Is it true, Postman Papa? Was I ever really little enough to go in the letter-bag?"

It will not seem possible to Mabel that she was ever, ever, so small as to sit curled up so cosily in that little, little, leather Post Office bag!

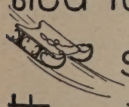
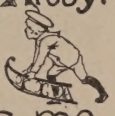
But Postman Papa will tell her that it is quite true, and that of all the valuable things the old bag ever carried, the most precious was the little live letter.

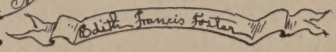
Margaret Johnson.

JIMMY CROW.

IV.

"TOMORROW is St Valentine's day," said . "Whom can I send a to, Mama?" "Who is the nicest lit tle you know?" asked . Jack tried to think. "I guess it's the one in the big brick ," he said. "Her hair is curly, and she gave me an when I climbed the for her . Her name is Kitty, too, and that's a pretty name." So Mama took a sheet of and painted all around it, with two little at the top; and Jack wrote a verse in the middle, with pictures — like this story. "Dear Kitty; The is red, the blue— I like so I like you. Yours truly, J." Then he put it in an and went out to send it. went too. Of course Jack could not carry it himself, or Kitty

would know who sent it. So he tied it around 's neck. When they reached Kitty's house he set him down on the and rang the bell. Then he ran and hid behind the The opened quickly, for Kitty was just coming out with her sled. She looked all around but she could only see , busy picking a bone her had left there. Then she caught sight of the , and untied it. She dropped her and the  slid down the steps and away to the gate. Jack jumped out and caught it. "Oh, what a pretty !" cried Kitty. "Thank you, Jack." "No, no!" said  in a hurry. "You mustn't know it's me. "Well, then, thank <u>you</u>, Jimmy," laughed "Now let's go sliding." "All right," said Jack. He put on the sled and off they all went.



TWO DOGS THAT WENT TO SCHOOL

II.—Rover.

DAY after day, through the pleasant summer weather, they played in the yard—at least Rover played. Little Tom lay on the old sofa, under a great maple-tree. Yet, sometimes, when the poor lame back didn't ache too hard, Tom would throw a rubber ball for Rover to catch, and then how delighted the dog would be! Back he would race with his prize held securely in his mouth, wagging his tail wildly, waiting for his little master to toss it again.

Rover was a funny little spaniel, and his master and he were close friends. A year before, when Rover was only a puppy, Tom had fallen from a tall apple-tree, and hurt his back so badly that for four long months he had lain in bed; but at last he was feeling strong enough to spend the day on the sofa, or in a big rocker, on the piazza.

And now there was one thing that was worrying Tom. It was August, vacation; in a month school would begin—and could he go? Or must he miss another year? Sometimes, I am afraid, this brave little boy shed tears, though he was seven years old.

September came. School would begin in a week, and Tom and his mother had many long serious talks. The boy could walk around a little with the help of his crutches, but could not go so far as the school. At last it was decided that his mother, herself, should carry him in her arms, to and fro.

So it happened that in a certain cheery school-room, one September day, sat a happy little lad ready for business, with his crutches close beside him. The teacher was as kind as possible, and all the little boys and girls tried to help him; for some of them had seen him in his yard, looking so quiet and sad, watching them wistfully as they ran laughing by.

But what about Rover, all this time?

Rover didn't see Tom start for school, for he was busy eating his breakfast on the back-steps. When, at last, he ran around in front he couldn't find him. He raced up to the sofa, but no

little master was there; over to the big rocker—no Tom. Next, into Tom's bedroom to the little low bed; that too was empty, and then this deserted dog sat down on the stone walk, and howled dismally. Suddenly, he pricked up his ears, and ran down the road—a bright idea had come to him; once, he remembered, Tom's mother had carried her little boy down the street to a big building where there were many boys and girls. Why not go, Rover thought, and look for his little master there?

THE HAPPINESS OF LITTLE DOG AND LITTLE MASTER WAS COMPLETE

Miss Merton, the teacher, had just called up the first class in numbers when patter, patter, sounded small feet upon the steps; the front door was pushed quickly open, and in trotted a little curly dog who looked at each child with his bright eyes; then, spying Tom, with a joyful bark ran to him, and leaping upon the seat laid a loving little head upon his lap. The children laughed, and even the teacher smiled when she said, "He is a cunning fellow, but will disturb the school. I'm afraid I must put him outside, Tom." And out went Rover.

But did he go home as a good little dog should? Not he.

He waited until the door opened, then in he ran again, and this time staid until noon.

In the afternoon, Tom's mother shut Rover in the woodhouse, but he managed to escape, and arrived at school half an hour late, panting, but happy.

The next morning Rover came ten minutes after Tom, and lay down quietly on the floor by his master's desk. When the classes went up to recite, and the little crutches clattered up too, Rover marched along with the children, and during the lesson lay on the platform with pricked-up ears, as if he too were trying to learn to add.

At recess, when the other children played in the yard, Rover stayed in the school-room with Tom who felt hardly strong enough to frolic.

"He really sets the children a good example," said Miss Merton to Tom's mother, when she came for Tom after school, "and I am willing to have such a good little scholar as he is come every day."

And that is just what Rover did.

Nine o'clock found him in his place—every curl "in position." At the end of the week, each child who had been present every day received a "merit" and when Rover trotted home Friday afternoon what should be swinging from his little collar but a fine, large merit-card?

Every Friday night, Rover wore home his merit-card, and when, after a few weeks, Tom was able to walk to and fro, the happiness of little dog and little master was complete.

Alix Thorne.

HIS ANSWER.

"HOW soon will you be six?" said she.
"When I'm through being five," said he.

M. J. H.

TAKE IT TO SCHOOL.

One little reader says he carries LITTLE FOLKS to bed with him, so he can look at it early in the morning. This may be a good plan but the publisher thinks a better one would be to take the magazine to school and ask the teacher to read something from it when she has time. It will please her and the scholars as well. You might say that the publisher will give her a copy free for a year if two of the scholars who are not now taking it will subscribe.

Mothers often ask if their little ones' pictures can be used on the cover. Yes, if the picture is suitable, though we may not be able to use it for some time. The little fellow on the cover this month is a nephew of our Admiral Schley.

LITTLE FOLKS will give a prize of $3.00 to the child twelve years of age or under who sends the largest number of new subscribers before March 15th., and $2.00 for the next largest list. The names of the winners will be given in the April number. You may all try for it. It won't require a very large list. The publisher thinks the winners may not need to send more than eight or ten names. When you write, say you are after the prize, and your orders will be placed to your credit.

The editors will announce another Photographic Prize Contest soon.

The publisher is making a cover to be used in binding the second volume of LITTLE FOLKS (1899) and it will be ready soon. It will be of strong cloth and will probably cost 35 cts. postpaid.

As many of our present subscribers have never had a chance to see the first volume of LITTLE FOLKS the publisher will send the volume nicely bound in a very handsome lithographed cover, with cloth back for seventy-five cents. Twenty cents extra must be sent for postage. This offer is made only to subscribers as the price is $1.25 to others. This volume will give little people more real pleasure than any other book to be had. The offer holds good for sixty days only and shows that it pays in more ways than one to be a subscriber to LITTLE FOLKS.

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The illustrations in
LITTLE FOLKS
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THE LITTLE FOLKS LETTER-BAG

MANTON, R. I.

Dear Little Folks:—I am a little girl eight years old. I have a big dog, his name is DON; and two cats; and I have four dolls. I live on a farm. My papa has a lot of cows and six horses. I have had *Little Folks* for two years. I like the story of "Tartar cow" and "The White Dog" story and "The Sea Captain's Children." I have a very nice little watch which I got with six subscribers to *Little Folks*.

Anna H. Evans.

MONCTON, N. B., CANADA.

Dear Little Folks:—I am a little Canadian girl seven years old, and live in the city of Moncton on the Petitcodiac River. I read all your stories and like them VERY MUCH. I think I like the stories of "Tartar" and "The Sea Captain's Children" and "How Jock Saved Betsey's Life" the best. I have a dear little sister whose name is Vivienne Jean, and a little brother who will write to you some time. I am trying to get a new subscriber for you. It is quite cold here now, and today it is snowing real hard. I expect some of your little readers have never seen snow.

Katrina McKenzie.

MONCTON, N. B., CANADA.

Dear Little Folks:—My sister Katrina takes you and reads the stories to me. I like them fine. A whole lot of soldiers went from here to the Transvaal to fight the Boers. I wish I was a man and then I would go too. I wrote a letter to Santa Claus and told him all I wanted him to bring me.

Brouard McKenzie,

MIDDLEBORO, MASS.

Dear Little Folks:—I am one of your little readers and will send you a few names which ought to take you. I am a little girl eight years old. I have no home of my own, nor do I have any little kittie or dog. But I *do* have a dear mama, and after she gets her work done, in the evening, she likes to have me read to her in my dear *Little Folks*. Hoping you will get lots of subscribers, I am your little friend,

Olive G. Sherman.

SCRANTON, PA.

Dear Little Folks:—I want to write to you and tell you how much I like you. I wish you came every week instead of every month. I go to school every day and like my studies very much. I was up at Long Lake in the Adirondack Mountains five weeks this summer with my grandfather and aunties, and had a lovely time playing in the sand and wading in the water. The best fun was riding in the steamboat. I saw two bears and a baby deer. I have a little sister Gertrude, just two years old. She talks everything and knows two letters of the alphabet. She calls her dollie "gollie," but says most things very well. I have two cats who eat out of the same dish. Once in a while the

older one slaps the younger one with his paw, if he gets more than his share of the food. I had a birthday party last Monday and we had lots of fun. I was eight years old, and had a birthday cake with eight candles in it. I have been teasing my mother to let me write this letter for a long time, and I know she is glad to have me stop teasing. I want to get some new subscribers and get one of your nice premiums. I will send you some names. Your stories are all nice, but I like "The Strange Adventure of Mazie" and "Roggie and Reggie" the best. One of Your Delighted Readers.

Pauline Peck.

CHICAGO, ILLS.

Dear Little Folks:—I am always glad when you come for our Mama reads the stories to us. I have two sisters and one brother and a bulldog; his name is "Dan"; we play with him. He is very gentle and kind. We have chickens too.

Ruth Agar.

FRESNO, CALIFORNIA.

Dear Little Folks:—I am a little girl seven years old. I have a dog. His name is Jack and he brings us the paper. I have two dolls. One is named "Sweetest Susan" and the other "Dorothy." Your stories are all nice but the ones I like best are "The Sea-Captain's Children," "Roggie and Reggie" and "Where was the Little White Dog." I don't go to school yet but Mama says I may go after Christmas.

Mila Clarley.

FORT SMITH, ARK.

Dear Little Folks:—I am a little boy, only nine years old. I have been taking you one year and intend to take you next year, and until I am quite a big boy. I have been delighted with the beautiful stories about "Roggie and Reggie" and "Todd Bros." I have many playthings, some of which I have kept since I was a baby. My home is in South McAlester, Ind. Ter., but I am now here going to school, and am in the third grade. I have written all this myself on papa's new typewriter.

Archie Blaine Wilkins.

OCHEYEDAN, IOWA.

Dear Little Folks:—I received you several days ago, and read you right through that day. After I had read the Letter Bag I thought I would write to you. I have two tiger cats, one is a kitten. We named her "Follie" on account of her funny ways. She was afraid to go out at night, or when it was windy. She has caught three mice already although she is so little. Her mother's name is Arabella—she is a fine mouser. We have one horse; his name is Dick and he is the dearest, best, gentlest horse I ever saw. I have taken you ever since you were first published. I have taken two other magazines for children. They were not near as nice as *Little Folks*, and Mamma thinks the same. I am ten years old and have a sister fifteen. I like the story of "Mazie" and think I shall like "The Yellow-Capped Monkey." I liked "How Tripsy kept Thanksgiving." I liked very much the story called "The Old Doll and The New Doll," by Mary E. Wilkins, in your first year.

Kitty Brown.

MIND AND MUSCLE.

Bodily energy, whether mental or muscular, is the natural outcome of the food we eat. The engine which pulls the train requires the finest coal. The fuel must be free from clinkers which will obstruct the grates, and must furnish the largest number of heat units per ton, for the efficiency of the engine depends most of all upon the character of its fuel.

So with the human engine: Food is fuel. It is the source of all bodily heat and energy. Poor food results in a poor weak body, a miserable, weak, irritable, and despondent brain, shaken nerves, disordered stomach, and an unsuccessful life. To live well one must eat well. The best foods are the natural cereal products manufactured by the Battle Creek, Mich., Sanitarium Health Food Co. These choice foods, which have for many years been supplied to the thousands of invalids visiting this great institution and its score of branch establishments in a dozen different countries, are now available to the public, having been placed for distribution in the hands of leading grocers throughout tne country.

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Granola is sold in pound packages by leading grocers.

A postal card from a reader of the *Little Folks*, bearing the name of the grocer who does not sell Granola, sent to the Sanitarium Health Food Co., Battle Creek, Mich., will bring a free sample.

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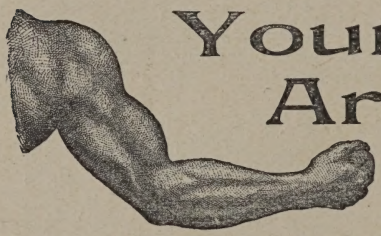

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WESTFIELD, MASS.

Dear Little Folks:—I am a little girl five years old. I do not go to school, Mama teaches me. I have two little black kittens which I call "Roggie" and "Reggie" after the little boys in the story. I think that and "The Little White Dog" the best of all.

Mary Esther Hedges.

BENTON HARBOR, MICHIGAN.

Dear Little Folks:—I like you and have taken you for one year. Before I had you I had a magazine named *Little Folks* but it came from Chicago. Papa got it when I didn't know it. Mama said it was too young for me, so I take you. Every time you come I like you better. I tried very hard to get some subscribers but I couldn't. I think if you send me one sample I can get you some subscribers.

My little brother says please read me Reggie and Roggie. I am ten years old and would write you more but I go to college and that makes us study all the time we have. I'm very glad that my Papa said I should take you again this year.

Charles Fabry.

SOUTH CANADIAN, I. T.

Dear Little Folks:—As I have just returned from a five weeks' visit with Grandmother, I will write you a little letter and send you a list of names also. I had a pleasant stay with Grandmother, though my little sister was very sick while there. I like to ride on the train and see so many things. I live in a rocky country and like to play among the rocks. Sometimes I ride horseback with my father, and go nut-hunting. I love my *Little Folks* so much, especially "The Little White Dog" and "Sea Captain's Children." When you have your next Baby Show, I will send my baby sister in. I have a cat, dog, and lots of dollie-babies. I am a little girl five years old.

Johnie O'Neal.

DE LAND, FLA.

Dear Little Folks::—I am a little boy twelve years old. I go to school—we have a nice graded school here—and I am in the 5th Grade. We take you, *Little Folks* and I think I'll try to get some new subscribers. My papa and two oldest brothers are in Cuba. I have no pets but my baby brother and sister—they are five and three years old.

Henry Hix.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reaco the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflamation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

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They Must Use

DELAVAU'S REMEDY

50 Cents a Bottle. At all druggists. It never fails.

UHRICHSVILLE, OHIO.

Dear Little Folks:—I like you very much. I have three sisters Mary Alice, Sara Olive, and Ruth Marie. We enjoy the letters, the stories and like to look at the pictures. Mamma began buying you at the book store two years ago. Our Mamma died last February. She was such a good mamma. We are very lonesome without her. I am in the fourth grade at school, my teacher Miss Zimmerman is a good teacher. I like my Sunday School teacher too, Mrs. Aschelman. I got a library book today to read, it is called "Mistaken". Alice started to school this year. Oh yes I want to thank you for the beautiful pictures you sent me for getting a subscriber. We think they are very nice and intend to make a picture book. Mamma had a group picture taken of us before she got sick. We want papa to send one to you. Please put it in your Magazine if he sends it? I have told my schoolmates about you and showed them some copies and think I can get more subscribers.

Laura Helen Leech.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Dear Little Folks:—My aunts sent you to me for a Christmas present. I have taken you nearly two years and like you very much. I like "Old Tartar" and "Billy Boy Brown" the best of the stories.

Carrie E. Huse.

EASTER CARDS! ORDER NOW!

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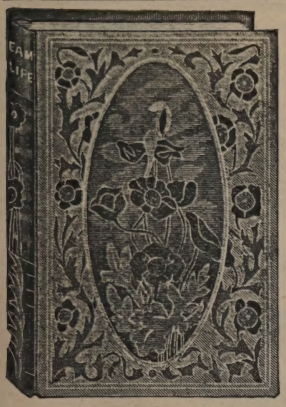

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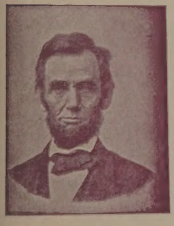

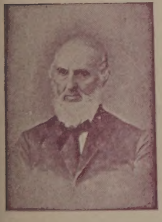

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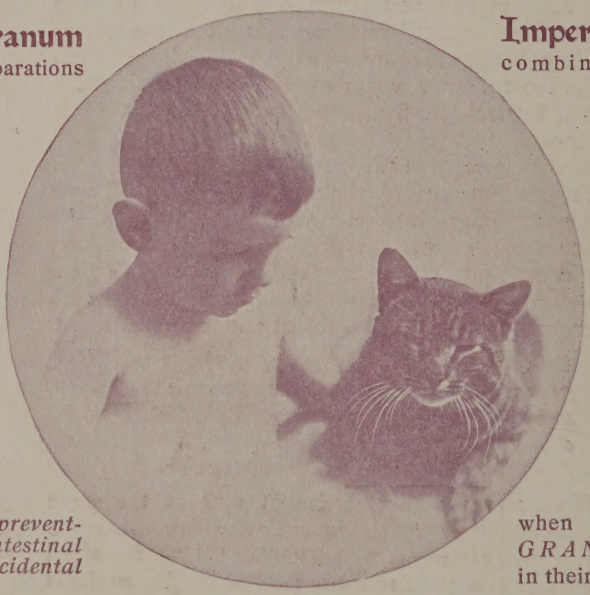

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